MEXICO AS SEEN BY AMERICAN ARTIST

Dunton Finds Land Great Field for Painter

THE MEXICO VAQUERO

Superior to American Cowboy in Roping, But Has Not Knack of Handling Cattle—Size of Round-Ups Astonishing

"Out of Madero we went. Ours was the last train unmolested. The next train was shot full of holes by the revolutionists."

The speaker was W. Herbert Dunton, illustrator and painter, who has spent much time sketching and painting in the Mexican cattle country, says the New York Herald. "I have lived in the city of Chihuahua, in San Isidro, Madero and other places," he continued.

"I have shipped cattle from Madero, whert the revolutionists built primitive cannon out of car wheels. The Madero hacienda is one of the most beautiful in Mexico.

"I was with the Babicora outfit and went out 'with the wagon' during the 'rodeo' or round up. I had may horses in the string and worked with the outfit and sketched. They worked Babicora plain while I was with them. There were 50 vaqueros to the one chuck wagon, which is a combination of food and bed wagon. At night the blankets are thrown out of the wagon to the vaqueros. In the morning they leave the blankets rolled up on the ground and the cook throws them back again into the chuck wagon. This wagon is fitted out with a sort of cupboard on the tailboard. The cook lets down the board and rolls the dough for his tortillas on it. The vaquero's staple article of diet consists of tortillas and frijoles, which latter are beans done in various ways. His bed consists of little more than his serape, or shawl.

The vaqueros look to me like true descendants of the Aztec and the Spanish. They are marvellously proficient as ropers and riders, but don't possess the subtle qualities of the American cow puncher in controlling cattle. They are too excitable. But as ropers they are supreme because they have played with the rope since childhood. And they are great on grandstand plays.

"What most astounds a man from the United States is the size of the Mexican rodeos. They stand a rodeo every other day and brand every other day. At the round up they cut out the cattle that are to be shipped and branded. When I was there they stood a rodeo of 7000 head of cattle. We began to work them by daybreak, ate lunch in the saddle and worked till dark. The smallest rodeo I heard of there was about 3500 head of cattle. Near where I was in the Terrazas range, which must run a million head of cattle and employ 10,000 vaqueros. It is General Terrazas who is supposed to have escaped from his hacienda with $8,000,000 and to have joined the refugees from Chihuahua.

A Lonely Life

"I have painted vaqueros, Indians, peons, sheepherders and other Mexican types. The typical sheepherders can be told by their eyes. They have a peculiarly restless and searching eye and these Mexican sheepherders live so much alone that they have developed eccentric personal traits. They live way back in the mountains. You go across country, see a cloud of dust rise and find 3000 sheep, two dogs and a herder. This herder may not have spoken to a human being for months.

"Indians are met in towns selling or begging. Their hair is cut short in the 'Dutch cut' style. Their clothing is a breech clout, a blanket over the shoulders and sandals. Their color, which is like gleaming bronze, is great to paint. It is supposed to be due to their exposure to the hot sun.

"The peons belong to the lower, uneducated poor. They are laborers mostly in the field. Vaqueros and Indians are the most picturesque types to paint. The women dress too much in black. But the vaquero's pose on a horse is naturally graceful and vigorous, his serape lends color and the background—the country—is most paintable. Often before a rodeo a band of vaqueros will be sent into the mountains at night and their line stretched out in the pines makes a magnet for stray cattle. Campfires, moonlight and other effects add to the vaquero's usefulness as material for a painter."

Scribner's Magazine has published an article by F. Warner Robinson on "The New Cattle Country"—the Mexican ranges—which Dr. Dunton illustrated. Of the night scenes it is there written that "lastly and most impressive of all is this picture of Raisuli, Robin Hood, Aguinaldo and Captain Kidd (mounted on a mule) starting for the mountains just at nightfall, with the raw, freshly killed beef dripping blood from the saddle, and maletas filled with cold tortillas (bread) and frijoles (beans) and tobacco, and the little tin cup covered with dirt and dust dangling from the saddle strings. Early the next morning they will return with two to three hundred head of cattle, gathered from the little, richly grassed valleys of the moutains, to swell the already swarming rodeo on the plain. But at twilight, as they disappear into the gloom of the pines or cross one of the brilliantly illuminated sunset pools of open clearing high up in the foothills, the American cowboy shakes his head and waits for the creak of the curtain and the boom of the orchestra, for it is all too stagy and theatrical to harmonize with his previous experience in the cattle business."

Sketch of Dunton

Mr. Dunton was born in Augusta, Me., 35 years ago, but after his school days each year he was on a stock farm three miles from Newport Junction, Me. There was excellent fishing and shooting there and he had a rod and gun before he was 10 years old. He loved out-doors from a child up. On the farm he worked hard, taking care of horses, and in off hours he was hunting and fishing. Even then, however, he was fond of drawing, but it was a toss-up between going west to hunt and punch cows or becoming an artist.

In his room at home, while still a schoolboy, he drew pictures and sold them to newspapers and even to magazines. He went to Boston and studied at the old Cowles Art school, since discontinued. He was there about a year. Then he came to New York and began to work for some of the magazines. Even in Boston, where he had married, he and his wife utilized his experience in the woods by writing and illustrating for the sporting periodicals. He had always kept in mind his ambition to go west. Finally he found the opportunity, hunted three months and also joined a cow outfit.

Up to this time the Duntons' earnings had been small and their livelihood precarious. But on Mr. Dunton's return from the west he painted four cowboy pictures and sold three of them right away. The first one he took to a publisher, who offered him $75 dollars; and that publisher doesn't know yet how near he came to killing the artist with joy. It was the turning point in his fortunes, and now Mr. Dunton is well established as a painter. His "Lonely Virgil" in the last National academy sold on varnishing day. He paints right out of doors, begins, finishes and even signs his painting out in the open.

An exhibition of paintings by Mr. Dunton has been arranged for February in the galleries of Edward Milch, No. 939 Madison avenue, by Perk Jan Lith, who has charge of the shows in these galleries.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce my candidacy for sheriff of Jefferson county, subject to the action of the democratic primary.
GEORGE H. BODEKER.

For the Legislature

I hereby announce myself a candidate to represent Jefferson county in the legislature subject to the action of the democratic primary.
F. R. MATHEWS.

BUILDING $5,000 DOLL HOUSE HIS TASK FOR SCORE OF YEARS

DOLL HOUSE AND WIDOW TO WHOM IT WAS BEQUEATHED BY HUSBAND

The sole legacy to a widow and seven children by the late George Himes, of the Bronx, New York, is a doll house. This house, a miniature mansion, is a wonderful piece of mechanical work, valued at $5,000. It is now exhibited by Mrs. Himes at the Country Life Permanent Exposition in the great exhibition hall above the main waiting room of the Grand Central Terminal, New York.

Mr. Himes was a machinist, and in all his spare time, evenings, Saturdays and Sundays—covering a period of twenty years, he is declared to have been employed in the building of this liliputian palace.

The house is composed of two thousand parts, and comprises twelve rooms, two halls, two porches, three entrances, two bay windows, a back stoop and pergola with flag pole. It is constructed principally of walnut and white pine. All the rooms are complete, even to the panelling and the hinges of the miniature doors. There are carpets on the floors and the walls are papered. There are ninety-six windows, all curtained with lace.

Mrs. Himes, the widow, is personally in charge of the exhibit. She says she refused an offer of $2,000 for the doll house.

A Profitable Volcano

From Tit-Bits.

The republic of San Salvador is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns—and without the slightest cost of upkeep.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla, and its pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night is visible for many miles out at sea. It bursts forth every seven minutes, and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners of danger in any part of the world. Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of San Salvador to make the regulation charge for its gratuitous services.

Cats and Fruit Stores

"Cats and fruit stores are inseparable," said the sidewalk tourist. "You may have a cat and no fruit store, but you can't have a fruit store and no cat. The reason is mice.

"I was in a fruiterer's recently and on a pile of oranges dozed a cat, investigating a melon crate was another, while a third purred beside the cash register. It struck me that three tabbies in a small shop was a bit too much feline, and I said so.

"'Oh, cats?' replied the fruiterer. 'Yes, we have to have 'em. If we didn't keep cats the mice would eat all the fruit, and what they didn't eat they'd bite into and spoil the appearance of. The fruit storage men call the cat the guardian of the fruit.'"

Philosophical

"What did that political boss say when he was informed of his overwhelming defeat at the polls?"

"He merely yawned and remarked that he needed a little vacation, anyhow."

BILL ROCKETT FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

TROUT ARE STRIKING. GET YOUR MINNOWS AT SPIRO HARDWARE COMPANY.

Death Among Physicians

From the Austin Statesman.

During 1913, 2196 physicians died in the United States and Canada. Reckoning on a conservative estimate of 150,000 physicians, this is equivalent to an annual death rate of 14.64 per 1000. The average annual mortality among physicians from 1912 to 1913, inclusive, was 15.82 per 1000, so that last year the mortality was below the average. The chief death causes were senility, "heart disease," cerebral hemorrhage, pneumonia and nephritis.

The age at death varied from 22 to 98, with an average of 59 years, 8 months and 12 days. The general average age at death since 1904 is 59 years 7 months and 21 days. The number of years of practice varied from 1 to 73, the average being 32 years, 11 months and 7 days. The average for the past 10 years is 32 years 7 months and 23 days.

WILL T. LATHEM AS SHERIFF WILL GIVE YOU GOOD GOVERNMENT AND LAW ENFORCEMENT. HE IS USING HIS OWN MONEY IN CONDUCTING HIS CAMPAIGN.